

- Title: Here Comes The Sun
- Genre: Editorial
- Date Written: 12/17/09



I didn't have as much fun with this writing unit as I did with other units. This unit we had to write a piece that could persuade the reader. We could write about whatever we wanted to. I chose to write about how I think that children should spend more time out in the sun. The hard part about this assignment was that we had to do some research. I really do not like to research things, but in order to make this piece believable I had to get some statistics. For example, in Here Comes the Sun,

Most Important!



"Ding - dong." *I wonder who that could be; I wasn't expecting anyone.* It was 8 o'clock at night, and I had been doing my homework for several hours. I was having trouble with my math homework in particular. Usually, I can ask my grandparents for help, but they were at bingo night. "Ding dong." There was the door – bell, again. *Well, I could use the break from my studies.*

"Mom, what are you doing here?" I asked as I opened the door. *Mom? My mother standing at my front door! I couldn't believe my eyes. I was truly (thesaurus) happy to see my mom.* I hadn't seen my mother in three years. The last time I saw her, she was drowning her sorrows in alcohol (metaphor). She was in our kitchen finishing her fifth bottle of beer, when my grandma walked in and took me away. I have lived with my grandparents ever since.

"I missed you so much. I can't believe how much you've changed," my mother said. My mind raced. *Why is my mother here? What could she possibly want from me?* My mother hasn't spoken to me in three years and now she shows up at my front door in the middle of the night. *What do I do now? Do I let her in? Can she be trusted?*

"Mom are you okay?" I asked nervously. *Her voice sounded funny, I wondered if she is still drinking.* Suddenly my mom lunged for me and I felt the floor move from under my feet as she pulled me by the arm. I smelled the rotten stench of alcohol on her breath and I knew that I was in danger.

"Let go of me! Why are you doing this to me?"

Mom sobbed, "I want to still feel like I have a thirteen year old daughter over." As I grabbed my phone to call the police, my mom panicked and rushed out the door. I heard her tires screech as she quickly drove away. I was so terrified I hid behind the door and sobbed (thesaurus).

"Ding dong." I could barely hear the doorbell ring the second time, I was crying so hard. *Was it my mom? Had she come back to take me?* I was so scared to open the door. I looked through the peep hole and saw that it was my grandparents.

"Why didn't you use your keys to get in? You scared me so much."

"We had to many things to carry in. Lauren have you been crying? Your eyes are all red," my grandma asks.

"Mom was here and I think she tried to kidnap me." I knew that maybe I didn't do the right thing by telling my grandparents. I really don't want my mom to get into trouble. She already has too much going on in her life. She doesn't need another thing to deal with.

"Call the police," Grandpa yelled.

"Please don't," I pleaded. I really don't want them to tell the police because I don't want my mom to get mad at me, I know she still blames me for my dad's death. I think part of her will always hate me, and I can't stand that. On the other hand, I want my grandparents to tell the police so they can get her some help. She is so depressed (thesaurus), and angry, but drinking is not the answer.

I was so confused, but deep inside, however, I knew what I needed to do.

"Grandma, what do you think I should do?"

"Whatever you heart tells you sweetie," she told me lovingly.

Most Important!

Molly Rigney

5/7/10

Period 6

Final Draft Character Piece

“Thanks, then could you get the phone?” (Foreshadowing)

- Title: Final Draft Character Piece
- Genre: Vignette
- Date Written: May 7, 2010

The purpose of this piece

## Why Did the Man Die?

I think that the man died because he was inexperienced and unprepared for this cold weather. At the very beginning of this story, the narrator mentioned that, "The man was a newcomer to the land...a Chechaquo... this was his first winter". The man had never experienced such cold weather before. He was used to warm/ cool weather. This was the man's first winter, he didn't know what to expect or how to prepare for such cold weather. "He was without a sled traveling light; in fact he carried nothing but his lunch, wrapped in a handkerchief inside his shirt." The man wore very little also. All he wore was a hat, gloves, a ski coat, and snow boots. If he had ever experienced winter before, he would have been more prepared and he would have worn warmer clothes. The man also brought a big native dog with him. The dog "was depressed by the tremendous cold. It knew that it was no time for traveling." If the dog knew this than so should the man. He should use his common sense. This man is very inexperienced. He has never experienced a winter, especially one this cold. He should listen to the dog, especially if his conscience is telling him to keep going. A man who is traveling in such cold weather isn't the smartest. I don't care how many winters they have experienced. They should just stay at home and travel when it gets warmer.

Another reason the man died is because he wasn't traveling with anyone else. He only had a dog for protection. "... No man must travel alone in the Klondike after 50 below." A few times throughout the story the man came into a few tough positions, he was afraid he was walking on very thin ice. If someone was with him they could have told him to go a different way or they could save him if he fell in. Also, if he traveled with someone, they could have told him that he needed to prepare for this trip better. They also could have told him not

to travel in such cold weather in the middle of winter. They could have told him to travel during a different season. They could also help him if/when he got into danger. During one point in the story, the man really needed help. He was walking across a frozen pond then BAM, he fell in. He quickly got out and started building a fire. Once he got the fire good and strong, he started to take off his boots to warm his feet before they froze. Then, all of a sudden a big pile of snow fell on top of the fire putting it out. He was very angry and disappointed, but he moved on and started to build another fire in an open area. He got all the wood stacked and then started to light it. His hands were numb and he couldn't feel anything. "He was very careful. He drove the thought of his freezing feet and nose and cheeks out of his mind, devoting his whole soul to the matches." He didn't succeed in building this fire; no one could help him. He ran and ran in the direction of his final destination, but couldn't make it. He sat down by a tree with the dog and froze to death. The dog ran away to the camp, the man's final destination.

The dog plays a major role in this story. Pepper isn't only the man's friend, he is also a symbol of wisdom. In the first scene, when the man built the fire, Pepper didn't want to leave. "This man did not know cold. But the dog knew. All its ancestry knew, and it had inherited the knowledge and it knew that it was not good to walk abroad in such fearful cold. It was not concerned for the welfare of the man; it was for its own sake that it yearned back toward the fire." Pepper seemed to have good instincts because he stopped when he thought something was wrong. At one point in the story, the man became concerned that the pond he was walking across was not frozen solid. He didn't want to go further, so he made Pepper go first. Pepper knew something was wrong, so he resisted. After the man pushed and shoved for

a while, Pepper finally gave in and crossed the frozen pond, only to find that the man had fallen in.

Pepper wasn't only smart; he was also a good friend. Pepper could have left the man while he built the first fire, but he didn't. He followed along. You could also tell that Pepper was a good friend because he stayed with the man while he was dying. Pepper didn't leave until he "caught the scent of death and backed away..." Pepper is a good and loyal dog.

### When She Was Five Draft #3

When she was five

She believed

She was a princess

The whole world revolved around her.

She believed

The most important thing

Was staying up till 8:30

And getting cookies after dinner

But that would never happen

Because it was a school night

And she had to be up early.

She believed

Her best friend would get to stay up

Because her parents loved her more.

She believed

She was the best person in the world

And she could make everything better

By just being in the room because

Everyone told her parents how nice

And kind she was.



Her teachers  
Always told her parents  
How they loved her beautiful smile  
And what a pleasure it was to have her in class.  
She never got into any fights  
And was always polite.

Summers she did dive after dive  
Into her cool, refreshing pool.  
She had noodle races with her Mom  
And played Marco Polo with her friends.

For lunch  
She would sit back  
And enjoy  
The Peanut Butter sandwich made by her Mom.

After lunch  
She would jump back in the pool  
And secretly count down the hours till her dad came home.  
When she heard the police siren  
Come down the driveway she would jump out of the pool  
Still dripping wet and leap into her Dad's arms.

At night she would take a nice cool shower

Get into her jammies

And wait for her mot to put her to bed.

Her Mom would come up

But she would scream and yell

Still wanting to stay up late

And eat cookies.

Maybe another day...

## Theme Essay: *On The Bridge*

In order to grow and be a better person you need to learn from your mistakes through your life experiences. You can easily tell what type of person someone is, or in this case a character, by what they do and say. Sometimes it's more difficult than that. Sometimes you need to dig deeper to find a person's /characters true identity. This is exactly what you have to do in "On The Bridge". Right away you can tell what type of person Adam and Seth are. From this story we learned that part of maturing is discovering ourselves through life's experiences.

"On The Bridge" by Todd Strasser is a short story about Adam and Seth, two "friends." Adam is a cool kid and is liked by all of the popular kids. Seth wants to be just like Adam, cool. Or so he thinks. One day Adam and Seth wanted to hang out. Adam's idea of hanging out was to hang out on the bridge and smoke. Since Seth wanted to be just like Adam he went along with it. Seth didn't have any cigarettes so Adam "had instructed Seth on how to feed quarters into the cigarette machine and get a pack of Marlboros (Strasser, page 1)." Even though Seth knew that cigarettes aren't good for you he smoked them just because Adam liked them. While on the Bridge, Adam "lifted his hand in the air as if he were holding an imaginary rock (Strasser page 3)." At this point Seth was scared. He didn't want the lady to come back and get them in trouble. He wanted to leave. Despite Seth's fear Adam makes Seth stay on the bridge. This is a point when Seth and Adam's relationship starts to tear apart.

Adam is so caught up in having fun "he held the butt of his cigarette between his thumb and his middle finger and flicked it over the side of the bridge and down into the traffic. With a burst of red sparks it hit the windshield of a black car passing below (Strasser page 4)."

The car pulled off the exit ramp and came behind both Seth and Adam. They got out of their car and asked who flicked the cigarette onto their car. Seth didn't say that it was Adam because he didn't believe in snitching on his friends. Adam on the other hand wasn't a good friend and didn't care about getting Seth in trouble. At this point in the story Seth finally realized that Adam wasn't a good friend.

By the end of the story Seth's perspective changed about Adam. He realized that he didn't need Adam to be cool. He realized that to be cool he needed to be himself.

Molly Rigney

10/12/09

Period 6

There are No Losers!

My stomach dropped when I saw Molly running over to her team. I absolutely HATE when I play my best friend's team. They're really easy to beat, but I feel so bad when we win and they lose. Molly always tells me how they loose every game and she always laughs. But I know way deep down inside, she want to win a game. Maybe this time they actually will win.

The ref has called us onto the brown muddy field. It had rained, no poured the night before. They were almost going to cancel the game. I am really glad they didn't.

I was kicking off. Guarding me was my enemy (really my best friend for life, but when it comes to soccer she is my enemy) Molly. In the goal for my team is Caroline Corona and in the goal for Molly's team is Mary (also known as the goalie who can punt all the way to the other side of the field). The whistle blows and my heart beats faster and faster. I am hoping for a tie because I want both of us to win. I pass the ball to Hannah and Molly comes charging at Hannah, so she passes back to me. There is no time to look back at Molly and to see who's behind me. I am within reaching distance of the goal. The wind chants in my ear, "Go Keki! You can do it! You're almost there! Shoot! Shoot!" I listen to the wind and take a shot. I guess I used all the force that was left in me because the soccer ball went right past Mary and into the goal. I could see that the other team was mad. I could almost see steam coming out of their ears. It was now Molly's team's turn to kick off. I knew from experience that the ball wouldn't go near the goal. The sound of the whistle interrupted my thoughts and the next thing that I knew was that Caroline (our goalie) was on the ground and Molly kicked the ball into the net. Before we knew it, it was half time. We had a little speech about how Molly's team has become so much better. Nothing exciting happened until the last minute of the game.

Adela was dribbling down the field with an ear to ear smile across her face.

### Self Reflection

**1. Why did you select this piece of writing to revise? What do you like about the topic and genre?**

I chose this piece of writing to revise because this was a topic that I could connect with. I felt like I could expand on the topic. I felt like I could make a lot of revisions to this piece and it shows. Also, in class we were studying author's crafts. For homework one night Mrs. Rizzo asked us to pick one of our mentor texts and write off of it. I chose to use the mentor text When She Was Fifteen. I was reading it and at first I just decided to follow the craft of the piece but instead I decided to follow the craft and the topic. I decided that my final piece should be in poem form because I adore poems and I also thought it would read better as a poem.